Every Week

THE BIG 3¢ WORTH

Vol. 1 No. 33 December 13, 1915

Beginning a New Serial Story of Love and Adventure

By Francis Hill

Anglo-French Gold Bonds

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We Reassure a Mother

A MOTHER writes us about her son's reading. Among other things, she says:

> In spite of all I can do or say, he insists on reading stories. How can I correct this habit?

Frankly, Madam, we do not know.

It is about as easy to cure a boy of eating as it is to destroy his love for good stories.

Centuries before there was any writing, story-tellers drifted about from village to village, gathering the people together and telling them stories.

The love of fiction is as old as that—older than recorded history, older even than civilization. It can not be rooted out: its roots run back too far.

And why should you want to root it out?

The greatest Teacher that ever lived spent half His time telling stories to His disciples. "Without a parable [a story] He taught them nothing." Then [illegible] transformed humanity.

One great story written in our own country, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," so stirred men's hearts that they said, "Slavery must go."

Good stories will not hurt your boy: they may, if he is the right kind of boy, inspire him to real achievement.

And they will do something else for him, equally important. They will develop his imagination.

We have too little regard for the high value of the imagination, we Americans. We are too matter-of-fact. We forget that all great inventions, all great discoveries, all great achievements in science or business, came to pass because some man first had imagination enough to conceive them.

Many men have been hit on the head by a falling apple. Newton, when the apple hit him, had imagination enough to formulate the law of gravitation.

Many men have been burned by their wives' tea-kettles. Watt had imagination enough to conceive the steam-engine.

Look through the pages of history, and you will discover that the leaders of men have been those who could dream great dreams and carry them out—the men of powerful, intelligent imagination.

Because this is true, the editor of a magazine that prints stories has a responsibility that he must take seriously if he is any sort of man at all. He is intrusted with the duty of stimulating the imagination of thousands of children of mothers like you.

He may, if he choose, publish stories whose appeal is to the baser side of the imagination—and even achieve a certain sort of circulation increase for his magazine by so doing. Or he may regard every mother among his readers as if she were his own mother, and every mother's son as a younger brother.

You need not concern yourself because your boy likes stories. But are the stories that he reads the right kind of stories—do they appeal to his imagination on its best and highest side?

That is the important question for you.

Vol. 1
No. 33

EveryWeek

Dec. 13,
1913

Once On the Summer Range

By FRANCIS HILL

"SPEND the summer absolutely in the open. Don't draw, don't read, don't study, don't do anything with your head"—Lord, how well I remember the chill intonation, the aloof eyes, of those big Fifth Avenue doctors as they said it!

Fifty dollars they charged me for that outrageous advice. If I had known what that fifty dollars would do for me—if I could have looked into a crystal and seen Ericsson and myself on that night when those ruffians tried to murder us—

But, anyway, I went. "The open," those lonely, cold-lipped doctors had said. Good! I chose Montana quite deliberately from the map,—it looked like the biggest stretch of open in the United States,—packed some bags, bought a ticket, crossed the ferry, and boarded a train.

My ticket read to Helena. But at Livingston I decided to take my courage in my two hands and make a break. So there, within sight of the far, spattered ridge of the tumbling Crazy Mountains, I bade that dusty railroad good-by, and embarked on my real adventure.

FROM Livingston I zigzagged slowly north into the country, traveling at first by coach, then on horseback. For I soon made out that the famous navigator at sea without a compass was as nothing to the pilgrim in this country without a horse. My saddle and pony I bought one morning in a wicked little cow town, and, to my inexpressible amazement, I was not pitched off, either then or later. I named my new mount Crow, on two scores: he was nearly white in color, and he was rumored to have emerged out of the dim background of history as a stolen Crow Indian horse.

I had no notion of spending my summer in idleness. Cow-punching I was not so foolish as to dream I could aspire to; nor yet horse-wrangling. But I had an idea that I could herd sheep. As a matter of fact, a dozen or more cowboys along the road had told me, with brutal jeers, that anybody could herd sheep who would; the only difficulty, they swore, was to find anybody who would. I would, I promptly determined. I was here for my health. A summer on a sheep ranch seemed to serve my turn extremely well.

Easy mile after mile I sat my jogging old Crow. The blueness of the sky, the soft whiteness of the few clouds, the brilliance of the air, made one drunk with happiness. Presently we struck due east on our trail—old Crow and I—and entered the Pinto Basin. We had a distinct destination in view now, and, just at sunset one windy, high-colored evening, made it. The home buildings of the Swallowfork sheep ranch were an ugly, evil-smelling clutter of sheds, barns, and corrals, on the head-waters of Fishhawk River. I'd heard far below that the Swallowfork needed men desperately, so I took little chance of rebuff in presenting myself for a job. Tek Gaines, sheriff of Pegan County, owned and operated it without living on it—operated it on an immense scale. Right now it was in the fullest swing of lambing, with shearing immediately on the cards.

Even in the present mad whirl of activity, however, Gaines himself did not seem to be on the place. His foreman, Bull Dorgan, I eventually found among a huddle of thoroughbred Merino ewes and lambs in a pen. Bull looked me over scowlingly for one minute; then, despite my obvious greenness, gruffly told me to spread my blankets in the hay-barn and turn my horse into the corral. So that night old Crow ranged out in the Pinto with a bunch of the Swallowfork ponies, and I slipped into membership of the lamb-smacking crew. Also, that night I ate my first meal—a hearty, absolutely satisfactory ranch supper—prepared by the stubby freckled hands of Eric Ericsson. Good old Ericsson, honest American Swede—but for his tough arm and impenetrable head, I should never have lived to tell this tale!

"'When I shot, the little girl peeped out of the timber. She wouldn't come near for a good while.'"

THAT first night on the Swallowfork I slept joyfully. But by daylight next morning I was up and out in the pens with the other smackers; and by sundown that night was ready to rave and froth at the stinking, bawling mass of ewes and lambs with the best—or the worst—of them. Or, no; I must do myself that credit. Not with the worst. The worst of those Swallowfork lamb-hands were just about past belief. In the dewless chill radiance of that first dawn, I caught a good, comprehensive look at them, and shudders played up and down my spine. Those unholy faces, those slouching, defiled bodies—they did appal one! How could any ordinarily decent, normal man live six months with such refuse? However, I'm of a fairly tenacious turn.

After a grimy two weeks' apprenticeship in the home ranch pens, I was abruptly sent out, in a crew of four men, to establish an overflow lamb camp some five miles off from the main sheds.

Our herd squad consisted, besides myself, of Eric Ericsson, an eighteen-year-old boy named Donk, and a veined-nosed, evil-minded, rather efficient middle-aged scoundrel called Whiskey—Whiskey Flynn, if I remember.

Bizarre as it may seem, I in a sense captained this charming branch outfit. I was, in the first place, the only one of the four who had a horse; and I did not drink raw alcohol out of a bottle. Bull Dorgan may have noted these slight points. He did not put me in actual charge; he merely addressed all his orders to me.

So we four strangers settled down to some weeks of living together in the tolerably narrow quarters of that foot-hill shack. Every day or two, fresh squalling battalions of ewes and lambs were driven up to us. Ten empty days passed. Then one evening, absolutely without prelude, a new note filled the air.

We had a sp-oiled bench running across the entire outside front of our shack. It was a single unplaned plank, twelve inches wide; but much rubbing of sheepy overalls had worn it smooth, and you could, at a pinch, stretch yourself sidewise full length along it. This night I was simply sitting, to the right of the doorway, tilted back as well as I could against the round logs of the shack wall, smoking a pipe, fairly comfortable and serene. At the extreme far end of the bench to the left of the doorway, young Donk and the grizzled man dubbed Whiskey had drawn away together and were huskily whispering. I paid no attention to them. From the very outset, we had instinctively paired off, Eric Ericsson and I held together against Flynn and the boy. But tonight my mate Isaac had yet finished cleaning up after supper; so I smoked alone.

Suddenly, from across the doorway, my inattentive ears picked up a word.

"It's a girl, I tell you!" insisted Donk. "You bloody old red-eye fool! Don't you think I can savvy a girl?"

In his fit of snarling vehemence, the boy had blurted the thing out. I couldn't but hear involuntarily. Whiskey Flynn hissed sharply at Donk, and glanced warningly over his shoulder in my direction. Then their voices dropped low again. In a moment or two they got up and moved off.

My curiosity was piqued. A woman? Out here on the range? Impossible! A woman? It had been so long since I'd seen a woman that I wondered if I could be altogether reckoin of "savvying" one if I came upon her. But—pshaw! On this far edge of the Pinto Basin—this womanless alkali desert a hundred and twenty miles from the railroad!

But, after all—"It's a girl, I tell you!" If there *should* happen to be a woman somewhere out here! What sort of woman? Fancy—a really feminine creature being waved over in the minds of that pair, there, on the end of the bench! For Whiskey and Donk had now come back to their old place. They seemed to me to be guarded, waiting.

Presently Eric Ericsson ambled out from the shack, wiping his wet hands on his overalls. When he had lighted his pipe, I proposed: "Let's stroll up to the spring for a bucket of water."

"Sure!" he agreed, in his hearty broad Swedish voice.

SWEDISH; but Eric Ericsson, I should explain, was a good American—American born; Connecticut. He had gone a couple of terms to a country school in up-State New York; entered on his man's career, at about thirteen or fourteen, in the Pennsylvania woods; gradually worked his way West, till now, at thirty-five, he was contentedly earning his forty dollars a month and keep as cook and generally helpful man on the Swallowfork ranch.

"I thought I just now heard Donk and Whiskey discussing a girl," I casually mentioned. "There's no girl anywhere up around here, of course?"

Ericsson started. I thrust my face close. "There isn't, is there?" I persisted.

He began to mutter: "Oh, mister! No! So they've smelled her out already, then, have they? By jiminy! That's bad, mister—that's bad!"

"Then there is a girl?" I exclaimed.

He went on muttering: "By jiminy! I

don't know what to do about that—I don't!"

"Do about what?" I demanded.

A profound sigh tore his lumpy frame. "Soon everybody will be on to it—everybody on the whole place. They'll get her. Yes, sir, they'll get her, mister! Or else they'll drive her away."

I took him by the shoulder and almost forced him down on the ground with me. "You don't trust me," I reproached.

Again he sighed and shook the big square head, though not, I understood, specifically at me.

"She's over here—maybe five miles."

"Eh?" I cried. "What? Five miles—from this camp?"

"Dressed as—" He didn't want to tell. "Dressed as a boy." Then, when it was out, he nodded solemnly. "Yes; a real nice little girl, mister. Only five miles away. Living over there in a gulch with her father."

"Well, what in the deuce are you making all this row about?" I said. "With her father? That's all right, then. Could she be with anybody better? Can't he look out for her?"

"The old man," mournfully returned Eriesson, "is loco. It's the little girl that's trying to look out for *him*."

Five miles away! Dressed as a boy! That accounted for all the argument about the "savvying." It was queer. The blood began to pound a little in my neck.

"Go ahead," I pressed. "Don't stop. Tell me what you know."

"I don't know anything." He spoke gloomily. "I just saw her—that's all."

"Not to speak to?"

"Yes, I spoke to her—sure I spoke to her. But I never let on I spotted she was a girl."

"Well, how was it?" I all but shouted. "When and where? Give me the facts!"

"YOU remember that afternoon I borrowed your pony and Billy's gun to go out and get an antelope? I saw her that afternoon. I found my bunch of antelope, and I crawled up on 'em, picked out a young buck, and let fly. I got him, all right, but he made for the timber. It was that big rocky gulch he headed for; I guess you ain't been there—Castle Gulch, they call it. Rocks piled up on top of each other—like warehouses. Way up there the buck laid down, dead beat, and let me sneak in close. I plugged him between the eyes. When I shot, the little girl peeped out of the timber."

"Ohio! The timber, eh?"

"I didn't know it was a girl," said Eriesson—"not then. I thought it was some light-weight kid of a boy. I pointed and made signs—offered her some of the meat. She wouldn't come near for a good while. But she wanted meat—for her father. Corduroy pants she had on, and a big black Stetson that covered up her hair, and a kind of a long blue coat. Purty—oh, Lord—purty as a picture! Her father was sick, she told me. I carried up half the buck to their shack among the trees."

The Swede liar! He'd told us at camp he'd given half of that antelope to some boys from the home ranch he'd met.

"It was an old shack, though," he went on. "Not much good. The little girl—she'd tried to fix it up as well as she could. But she didn't know how. It's blame near falling down; ten years old, I guess—prospectors, maybe, or loggers. I wanted to go back the worst way and tighten it up for 'em; but I was afraid it might rattle the little girl."

"And you saw her father?"

"I saw him—sure. She said he was sick. But—" Eriesson touched one stubby forefinger to his brow. "Loco, mister. Plumb loco—that old man. Nice—not bad, not wild. But just clean loco. He was circling around the shack with some bugs and ants and things pinned on to a piece of board. He talked foolish—foolish, but nice, you know. I showed the girl how to cook the meat. 'They're nice people—quiet and all that.'

"But—but!" I sang out—"I don't understand. What are they doing there? How do they live?"

"I don't know any more, mister."

"Didn't she tell you their name, or anything?"

"No, she didn't say anything about any name. But she was glad to get the meat. All she's got to shoot with is a little .22."

I thought I heard a suspicious sound over toward the right edge of the coulée.

"Let's strike back to camp," I said.

Eriesson took up the bucket of water, and we moved briskly down to the cabin. Neither Whiskey Flynn nor young Billy Doak seemed anywhere about, when we got there. We made a quick round of the corrals and all possible near-by loafing-places. Not a sign. I looked for Doak's rifle in the shack. Nowhere to be found. Then we spurted out to where I'd picketed old Crow for the night. Gone! It was his loping hoof-beats I had heard.

For an instant Eriesson and I stood peering at each other through the night. This reckless commandeering of my horse—it did something to me. Evidently they thought me a milksop. Also, very likely, they thought Eriesson a fool. He was so easy-going, so good-tempered. And they didn't dream he had seen the girl! I could hear the squat, yellow-haired cook breathing hard now, in the forty-five or so packed seconds we stood confronting each other. He was snorting just like a little bay shorthorn bull he often reminded me of.

"But you haven't got any gun," I objected.

"Yah!" he spat. (Excitement always brought out the underlying Swede in him.) "Yah! Gun? I don't want any gun! A club—that's all I want! That pair of huns? Skunks, mister! Polecats!"

It seemed to me that skunks were precisely the game you most needed firearms for. I had only a little Smith & Wesson pocket revolver myself—a laughable nickeled toy, in Western eyes—.32 caliber. Eriesson could master absolutely not a thing. Against us, young Doak carried his Winchester repeating rifle, and Whiskey Flynn never made a move without his big blue Colt's .44.

I said: "It's your idea, then, we take a hand in all this?"

He stooped and grabbed up old Crow's loose picket-rope off the ground, untied it from the steel pin, and began feverishly to coil it as he broke for the shack. "Just wait! Wait till I get a hatchet!"

But I dashed alongside. "You're sure you can lead the way over in the dark?"

He grunted, continuing to coil the rope.

A LOVELY late May night it was, moonless, yet full-starred. We struck the wide lower reaches of the big rocky gulch, and swung up into it at a trot. As we drew near the real timber, Eriesson, far from slackening his pace, quickened it. We hadn't once heard hoof-beats ahead.

The walls of the gulch narrowed in sharply, and our end overhead glimmer of stars all but went out. Then we were among the trees—evergreen shiefly, very black and still. But the piny night smell—how unutterably keen and delicious!

Eriesson charged silently on, a strange mixture of Viking and Indian. Presently our ears caught a slight shiver and sigh, our stretched eyes made out a pallid spot beside the trail. It was old Crow. The roustabouts had ridden him bareback, with only a lackanore on his head. I ran my hand lightly over him: already the strong sweat had begun to cake and dry on his white pelt. We hurried on.

If we had needed any spurring, the yell that now came reechoing down the mountainside would have supplied it. A man's yell, it was; and it beckoned pain and chagrin. Eriesson leaped ahead through the trees. Jove, how black! Then, far off in the timber, we picked up the faint, ruddy glow of a camp-fire.

A "fine green corral of a park"—so Eriesson had described the girl's haunt to me. It was a little fairy jewel of a place, a nook of dreams! Naturally, I got only the most blurred glimpse of it all that first night; but I saw that the grassy open space was nearly circular in shape, and that the dilapidated log hut stood fairly in the middle of it. On the ground before the shack door burned the fire.

"Doorway," I should have said, not "door." Door to the house there was none. Instead, a young pine-tree, with a pyramid of dense green branches, had been cut down and leaned up against the aperture from the outside. Behind it, in the flickering yellow play of the fire, a point of formidable bright metal would now and then flash out in high relief. Behind that again, one could just suspect the shadowy lines of a human form. It must be the girl guarding her citadel with the little .22.

What more instantly concerned us, however, was the position of Flynn and Doak. That interesting pair of raiders had obviously suffered a setback. They were both at the rear of the house, out of range of the doorway and in relative darkness. Did I mention that the shack had only the one opening?—no window or anything of the sort.

Flynn, half crouched on the ground, muttering and cursing, was tying up his leg with a rag that had been a handkerchief. Doak, paying no attention to him, rifle in hand, busily gathered up chips, dry twigs, cones, and so on, heaping them against the back-wall of the house. He also kept a watchful eye on the situation at the front.

Before we could get round to the edge of the clearing nearest them, Flynn was standing on his feet again, manifestly only tritingly hurt, and Doak had mounded up a heap of wood against the logs of the shack. Together, they then crawled low along the upper side of the shack to the front.

This should, by all odds, have been our time to rush. But we'd had to move so slowly, we were not ready.

WHEN Doak reached the front of the cabin, he stretched out and grabbed a partly burned brand from the camp-fire, drawing an shot from the girl, and retreating to the back of the house with his flare in safety. Flynn remained at the side in front. He was squatting on his heels, his big blue six-shooter in his hand.

"Now, then, you young she-devil!" he snarled at the doorway. "Are you coming out? Or will we have to burn you out?"

He waited. No sign from the cabin.

"All right," said Whiskey. "We'll give you till I count ten. But you hear me! You'd better come quick! We're going to get you, if we have to kill you for it! Ten—do you hear? Ten!" He began slowly to count.

At last Eriesson and I were set for the rush. In the very innermost possible fringe of the encircling trees we hung, perhaps thirty feet from Flynn, forty from Doak. As the grizzled sheep-herder dog mucously counted off his long seconds, and young Doak waved the brand about his head, Eriesson whispered in my ear:

"I'll knock the gun out of Whiskey's hand and go for Billy. He won't be able to get his Winchester up in time. You tend to Whiskey with the little .32."

He dropped the rope; his right hand, with the hatchet in it, swung back over his shoulder.

"Ten!" shouted Flynn. "Fire low, boy!"

Eriesson breathed. "Now!"

That hatchet! Thirty feet is a pretty husky throw for such a tool—and the light was none too good. But the way that revolving edge and handle hurtled through the air! Whiskey had the big single-action Colt's outstretched before him, leveled but not cocked. *Clack!* Eriesson's hatchet struck it like a bolt of lightning, head on, just across the cylinder. The gun whirled round at right angles, tearing itself out of Flynn's grasp. With a yell, Whiskey jerked the hand back in against himself, and rose to his full height.

It seemed to me that Eriesson's knotted gorilla arm had not completed its cast of the hatchet before he was following it out into the open at about the same speed. But it was for young Doak he made—Doak, stooped there with rifle and brand, absorbed in the bonfire-starting. Nickeled .32 in my fist, I lunged for Flynn.

I was a tortoise at this game beside Eriesson. Before I could get to Whiskey, he was down in front of the cabin, groping with his left hand for the gun. I slammed a bullet along the ground close under his fingers, and he jumped back. When he faced around, he was looking, at some six feet, square into the smoking tube of my little .32.

Eriesson, meantime, had been scrolling like a rocket for Doak. At Whiskey's yell, of course, the boy had straightened, with a bound, from his fire-starting. He saw Eriesson coming. As Doak rose the flaming torch was in his right hand, his rifle, clutched by the barrel, in his left. He swiftly figured, as Eriesson had already figured before him, that he would never be able to get the repeater pointed in time. Not to do any good! Still, a Winchester out of action—it has other uses. Dropping the flare, Doak gave both hands to his gun-barrel, swinging the stock well above his head. Eriesson had absolutely nothing but his naked fists. He dove in,—a beautiful long tackle,—coming like a thing out of a catapult. He got Doak. Only, the descending butt of the Winchester caught him while he was in the air—an awful smashing thud. The two of them tumbled over and over on the ground together; but when they stopped rolling, Eriesson lay quiet.

Doak leaped to his feet, the rifle-barrel still clutched in both hands. Up into the air whirled the stock for another smash. I'd already hopped far enough in the front, risking a shot from the girl, to have both things in something like a line. For one instant I took my eyes completely off Flynn, turned the little .32 loose at Doak.

The try wasn't a hit. But the swish of the bullet from the boy stark in his tracks. The butt of the Winchester didn't fall, that second trip.

One cartridge I had left now; and my partner stretched on the grass there, cold! Fortunately, the kindling against the shack wall hadn't taken fire.

"Drop that gun!" I commanded Doak—"without lowering your arms."

For a breath he glared silently into the muzzle of the little nickeled six-shooter (it covered Flynn as well now), then slowly let the Winchester slip to the ground, keeping his arms above his head.

"Get your hands up!" I said to Flynn.

He followed Doak's suit—without bagging, without comment.

"Doak, step up here beside Whiskey."

Sullkly he did it. That opened a gap of some feet between him and his rifle.

"Shoulder to shoulder," I ennoted. "And keep facing me—both."

I edged across the grass toward the fallen Winchester, seeing to it that my sheep-herders religiously honored me as I shifted, with their full front. When I got in the region of the rifle, I felt carefully about over the ground for it with my feet. The smooth, rounded gun-stock was not hard to locate. Then, eyes always bleakly along my short nickeled tube, I slowly stooped and picked it up.

AND the girl! What of her? Could anything be hoped for in that quarter? She hadn't potted me with her .22. Had she seen—understood it was a rescue?

Somehow, I didn't have much confidence in her grasp. Nothing about her seemed reasonable. But one must do something.

In my gentlest voice I called: "Miss."

No answer.

"Miss," I repeated, "nobody will harm you now. But there's a man down outside here—the man who gave you the antelope meat the other day. You can help. I'm taking care of the two brutes who were bothering you. Would you or your father bring some water?"

Silence for another long minute—dragging, interminable. Then, in the intense mountain quiet, I heard a body swish out past the pine needles in the home doorway. After that—more silence. But now, I was certain. I could feel her cautiously peering round the log corner at me. For some little space she eyed us so, all up and down. And still not a word, not a breath. Then I heard her push back past the pine branches into the cabin again. When she came out this time, the pine branches made a metallic sound, as against tin. But still she hesitated before appearing round the corner.

"He's a good man," I assured her—"not like these wolves. Please do what you can

for him. But first—will you hand me that big blue revolver that's lying on the ground in front of the house?"

Very, very gingerly she approached me with Whiskey's six-shooter. I took it from her at arm's length—caught one quick glimpse of her from head to foot. She had her shiny little .32 at the ready in her other hand, I saw. I thanked her for the revolver. Still saying nothing, she returned to the front of the house again; but I now guessed it was for water.

WITH Whiskey's big Colt in my fist, and the girl for an ally—well, I began to look up a bit. I tried the .44, made sure Eriesson's hatchet hadn't put it out of commission. Then I slipped my own desperate young weapon into my pocket.

The fine point about the big-caliber gun, however, was that it let me back far enough off from the cabin to be able to include Eriesson under my eye. So I could now, at least, half watch the girl as she worked over him. She had only a small can of water. Always fruitfully, unobtrusively something. The girl flashed by me, bringing more water from the shack. Under her continued drenchings Eriesson roused, and a second time began to claw round to hoist himself up.

"Lie still, there!" I warned him. "Don't move. We'll get on without you."

The girl, remember, had not yet once spoken: she might be a mute, for all I personally knew. However, there was only the one plan. I said to her: "We'd a rope—we left it out there in the edge of the trees. You couldn't find it, I'm afraid. But do you think you could hold this revolver on the crooks—just like this? Do you think you could? For half a minute—while I manage that rope?"

Then I heard her voice. She whispered, steadily enough: "I'll try."

"Splendid! I'll be keeping the Winchester on 'em too, from wherever I am. Are you ready?"

She drew up close beside me, and I transferred the cocked and pointed big Colt's from my hand into hers.

"If either of them flutters a finger," I told the girl, "let fly. Hold on the middle of the chest—the stomach."

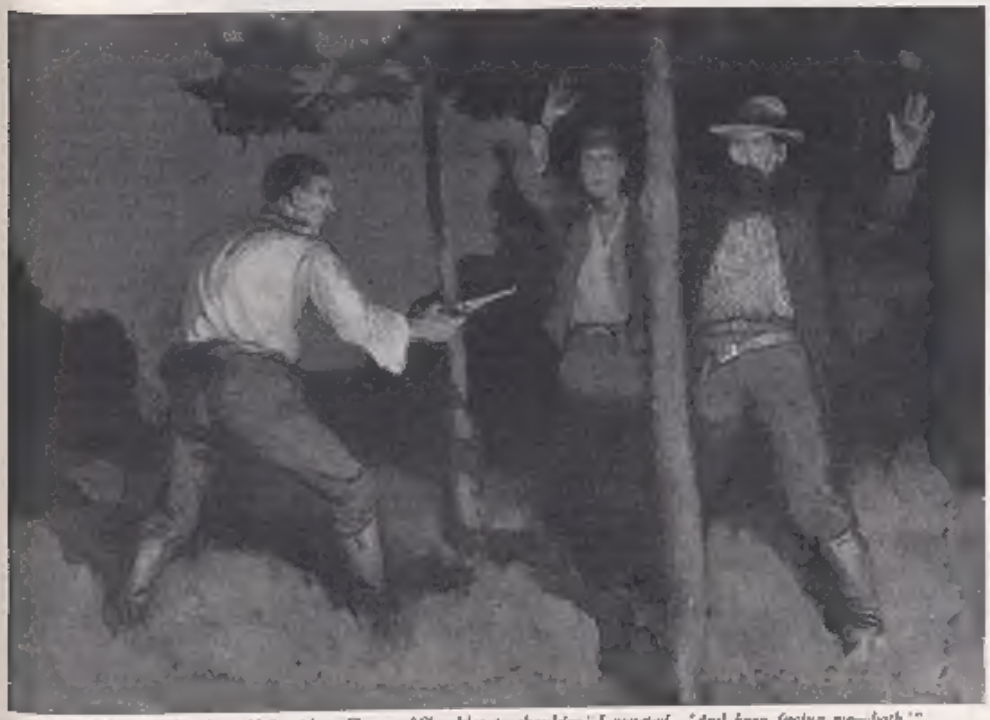
She nodded. With my own eye and Winchester always fixed on the sheep herders, I backed off into the fringes of the clearing. I knew exactly where we had started our lunge from: a triangle of three little pine-trees, jutting slightly out into the grassy circle of the open, marked the spot. Soon one of my exploring feet was inside the coil of picket-rope. Hurriedly, without stooping, I dragged it forward that way to the cabin.

I'D never tied up a man for keeps in my life, of course. But, on the other hand, I was pretty well born and bred in a sailboat; I knew several tricks about knots. So, notwithstanding my Eastern tenderness, I fancy I trussed Whiskey and young Doak up rather handsomely. Between the two of them I used the whole forty-five feet of three-eighths-inch lariat. Taking the cartridge-belts and Whiskey's gun-holster, I left my buckos stretched out full length—a sullen pair of legs—along the upper side-wall of the shack. Then, you bet, I breathed easier.

As I now relieved the girl of the big six-shooter, I had a rapid look into her face. Poor little mountain masquerader of a girl!

The camp-fire had begun to burn low, so I smartly set about building it up. Then, between the girl and me, we succeeded in lifting and hauling Eriesson around to the front of the house, propping him up in a sitting position against the log wall, his feet comfortably spread out toward the fire—he violently protesting all the while:

"Hey, now, mister! I'm all right. Let me be—let me do it myself. By jiminy! Now, don't you, miss—you ain't near strong enough. Don't let her, mister! I can walk, I tell you. Ain't you going to leave me walk? Much obliged—much obliged, miss. But, by jiminy!"



"'Get your hands up!' I said to Flynn. 'Shoulder to shoulder,' I ordered. 'And keep facing me—both.'"

DON'T make any mistake—I'm not going to try to describe this girl to you. In the first place, I couldn't. Next, that sort of thing's never any use. A man's love comes to him in a million different ways. Mine came to me out of the sky, that night, in the fantastic little fire-lighted dream-park in Castle Gulch. From the moment I turned, with a long breath, after having finished up on the last knot with Whiskey and Doak—from the moment my eyes really met hers, really met and spoke to her, you understand—from that moment I was lost; drowned—in love!

Perhaps, under commoner circumstances, it mightn't have been. In the rum little architect's-office lot at home, I had enjoyed the reputation of being a mere grubber—insensible to women, sport—insensible to everything in life but my grind. I dare say I was selfish, absorbed. Perhaps it had needed this shock—the blow to my health, the strangely poignant, lonely, natural life in the foothills—needed all this to wake a soul in me.

Never think, though, that night was all magic. We'd some pretty practical issues to face. Suddenly the absence of the girl's father struck me. In answer to my hint, she said: "Yes; he's inside, there. Lying down. Asleep."

"But!" I marveled. "Through all this row? And, in your plack, you never waked him?"

"He's not well. He sleeps a great deal—he's had a nervous breakdown."

I begged her to explain more to me. After a moment, in a halting low voice, she began to speak:

"My father is a college professor—or he was till last winter. If you've studied much mathematics, perhaps you know his name: James Duncannon of the Institute of Technology."

I was absolutely bowled over. "Why," I cried, "no architect can get along without knowing him! His book on strains is the standard!"

"Yes; he's written five books of mathematics. But zoology was—is—his real life. Even now—" Quickly she had to cover her eyes with her right hand.

Huskily I tried to bolster her:

"I see, I see. I know something about study—what it can do to one."

She took down her hand and went on:

"He felt this—this trouble—coming a long while. He was afraid of it—did things to—to fight it off. Instead of scientific books, he read only the lightest stories—hundreds of them. Most of them were about the West. And gradually the West began to exert a queer fascination on my poor father. After a while, he wouldn't read anything but Western stories. He grew more and more like a boy."

"Had you nobody to help you?" I couldn't forbear asking. "Forgive me, but—your mother?"

"My mother died in Italy five years ago, of a fever. That was the beginning with poor father: he couldn't seem to adjust himself to the change. For the past five years we've lived alone together—he and I. We're from Maine. We had plenty of friends in Boston, of course. But this—it's so hard to talk about. We couldn't discuss it. And people were so nice. They understood.

"Father kept growing worse, you see. One morning last month I went into his room to wake him. He wasn't there. He'd run away—just like a boy. I thought of the West at once. But we hunted about Boston for two days, and advertised in other cities, and I hurried up to our little Maine farm. But I was almost sure that he'd go West. In Chicago the police found a clue for me; and in St. Paul another. Then I followed on out along the line of the new railroad. Finally—out here I found him."

She stopped, her eyes swimming, and I don't mind saying that mine were too.

"You must get away out of here!" I exclaimed excitedly, to hide my weakness. "To-night—at once. Go in and wake your father. I'll help you get ready. You are to take my horse and break for Rainbow—that's the nearest town. I'll travel as far as I can with you—to the road. Then I'll meet you in Rainbow again to-morrow, and arrange everything."

She slowly shook her dark head.

"You don't understand. Father's become very weak—childish. It's mortal with him—this. He grows feebler every day. If—if he lives through the summer—" One overpowering sob convulsed her. "No; to drag him away from his little moment of happiness now—it would be to kill him."

"But—but—you?" I found myself stuttering helplessly. "Is there no possible way—to get at him—to explain?"

Again the slow shake, unimaginably touching, of the downcast head. I looked long at her, then rebelled with sudden fury against the filth of life.

"Eriesson!" I shouted. "She shall stay! She shall stay—do you hear me? Till she chooses to go. What—do they mean to say we can't take care of her? Law or no law! You're able to sit here and pump a gun?"

A delighted grin overspread the Swede's broad, reddish-blond mug.

"Yah, sure!" he grunted. "You bet you, mister! We'll fix 'em!"

BEFORE jumping into the work of the night, I fed my eyes on the girl a moment longer. Almost whispering, I asked her: "What's your name?"

"Eloise."

I lingered beside her in the yellow fire flicker, aware of the loneliness that would seize upon me the instant I turned my eyes from her. The dogs—to dare to dream of possessing her—this fair creature! I groaned, swung abruptly round the corner of the cabin, six-shooter in hand. Not dogs—rats! By heaven, they should be dealt with!

I stopped short, frozen in my tracks. Whiskey and young Doak were not there!

To be continued next week

Do You Want to Be a Railroad President?

By
EDWARD HUNGERFORD

THE other day a man died in Montreal who had acquired distinction in that Canadian city. He had been knighted, he was a director in the Bank of Montreal; higher honors hardly exist in the imagination of any Canadian. His art collection was the finest in the Dominion; it was valued at more than two millions of dollars. This man—his name was Sir William Van Horne, and he was the head and front of the Canadian Pacific Railway—had many more millions of dollars, in land, in buildings, in securities of every sort. Men deferred to his judgment. He sat in high places. Yet he was fond of telling of the days when he was a telegraph operator back in Chicago, the old Chicago whose streets were shaded by maples and catalpas.

Sir William Van Horne was once an errand boy. Before he died, he had become one of the greatest railroad presidents on this continent.

To the boy "doin' errants" around the little yellow depot at the crossroads, or blackening his face and hands in the grime of roundhouse or locomotive shop, there must seem to be a vast and unbridgeable chasm between him and the man who comes in his own railroad car and receives the reports and homage of the biggest bosses that the boy has ever known. Yet the chasm can be bridged. Sir William Van Horne bridged it; better still, nearly every successful railroad president in the United States to-day has succeeded in bridging it.

Men Who Began at the Bottom

VAN HORNE, a mere boy of ten, was running errands in a crude railroad station at Joliet, Illinois. Three years later he was a full-fledged telegraph operator in the barn-like wooden terminal of the Illinois Central Railroad on the lake-front of Chicago. At twenty-one he was a train despatcher. At twenty-nine he was general manager of what is to-day the Wabash; and nine years later he became president of the Milwaukee road. Yet he was a big enough man to leave the presidency to become a general manager—a builder, if you please. And the road that called him was then a struggling company—the Canadian Pacific, engaged in the seemingly impossible task of placing across the wilds of Canada, from Lake Superior to the Pacific, the last link of an all-Canadian transcontinental route.

Van Horne shouldered this task. He built the road. Engineers had said that it could not be done. But he did it—in five years less than the time given it by its charter.

How can a boy become a railroad president? How have boys become railroad presidents? How are the boys of to-day preparing to become railroad presidents?

Lest you think the great head of the Canadian Pacific an isolated case, take the group of able men who are to-day at the top of great railroad organizations all the way across the United States. Take Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio. Willard was a track laborer on the old Central Vermont before he had reached the age of eighteen. Before he attained the dignity of a trainmaster's job, he was fireman, engineer, trainman, conductor, and roundhouse foreman. When he sat in the engine-cab, he carried books under the seat, so that he might read when he was not shoveling coal or driving the locomotive. To-day Daniel Willard is the most widely read and quoted of all the railroad men of America.

J. H. Hustis, president of the Boston & Maine, and A. H. Smith, president of the New York Central, began their railroad service as office-boys. C. H. Markham, president of the Illinois Central, like Daniel Willard, began as a track laborer. Marvin Hughitt, for many years head of the Northwestern, and W. A. Gardner, now its president, A. J. Earling of the Milwaukee, and Milton H. Smith of the Louisville & Nashville, were like Sir William Van Horne in beginning their careers by pounding a telegraph key. Probably three quarters of all the men who head American railroads to-day began as track laborers or telegraph operators—the greater part as operators.

How can a boy become a railroad president? If the boy-who-would-be-president takes too much stock in the foregoing, he will reply: "By getting a job as track laborer or telegraph operator."

The New Type of Railroad President

NOT a bit of it. The track laborers on the greater part of the railroad mileage of the United States to-day are Mexicans or Japanese or negroes; and as for the telegraph operator—he is no longer the all-powerful factor in railroad operation that he was twenty-five or even ten years ago, owing to the use of the long-distance telephone in despatching trains and in transacting other business.

No; the road to the presidency of the railroad of to-morrow is not by way of the telegraph key or the trackman's spade. It is already necessary that the man at the very head of a great transportation organism be more than an expert engineer, a good operating man, or a keen traffic-getter. The railroad president of to-day must be a statesman; he must be a diplomat. In these piping days when there is a commission in every State, to say nothing of the big Commission at Washington, to tell the railroad men just how they must operate their properties, when counties and cities take delight in getting under railroad ribs, the big job is to meet these Solons and, if not actually to succeed in worsting them, to be able at least to hold one's own with them.

A. J. Earling began his career pounding a telegraph key. Step by step he went up the railway ladder, until he became president of the Milwaukee.

That is why the very newest type of railroad president is apt to be a different sort from the old-timer who played upon the telegraph key or helped juggle the hundred-pound rail. The Pennsylvania—whose middle name, if ever it had one, would be Conservatism—still stands by the ancient and honorable tradition that its president must be an engineer, trained if possible in its own shops. But the Southern Railway has in its new president, Fairfax Harrison, a lawyer whose diplomacy is quite in keeping with his native State, Virginia. Judge Robert S. Lovett, head of the Union Pacific, is, as his title would indicate, a lawyer. And the other day a man came to sit in the president's office of the Burlington who had been in its employ only seven years. He had been called in recognition of the theory that the railroad of to-day should be headed by a diplomat and a lawyer.

Why the Railroads Need Lawyers

THERE must be good men in every road to-day and to-morrow to build the lines and to maintain them, to operate under all the new phases and conditions that call for constantly increasing trainload and decreasing expense, to go out and get the competitive business. For these big jobs—the managerships that are prefixed by "general" and the vice-presidencies—the boys in the shops and in the engine-cabs and in the little depots are training to-day. But for the biggest jobs—the post that even "generals" and vice-presidents defer to as the "chief's"—men are in preparation in the colleges and the technical schools of the country. And those energetic and ambitious fellows who are not actually in the colleges are getting the college sort of training in the innumerable ways that open to the young man who has the will.

Only a little while ago a big and popular fellow—division superintendent of a big and popular railroad in the Middle West—was missing from his usual haunts. One night one of his friends espied him on a trolley-car bound downtown, with some battered text-books under his arms.

"I'm going to school again," he said.

"To school!"

"To law school. That's the thing the railroad man of to-day needs. He needs it at every turn. I haven't time, or our legal department hasn't time, to take up the multitude of things that arise on this division alone that need a smart lawyer's brain. It may only be a cow that, because of her untimely decease at the point of one of our locomotives, has been raised from obscurity to pedigree; but an inevitable amount of damage to the road may arise if these things are not given to a good lawyer at the beginning. That's why I'm tinkering with Blackstone and the Code."

He stopped short. The trolley was halting opposite the law school.

"So long," said the superintendent; "I'm going up."

So he is—going up. I talked with his president last week. He had heard of the law school episode. He has marked that superintendent for advancement.

More Good Jobs than Men

A GOOD railroad man, trained to a fine edge in the great branches of the science,—construction, maintenance, operation, traffic,—a man well versed in the law, a keen diplomat, a maker of public addresses: a specialist in all these things, and yet a man so broad that you may think of him as a specialist in nothing at all. A large contract, boy-who-would-be-president, but not an impossible one. There are a thousand sizable railroads in the land, more than a hundred whose size fairly entitles them to be called principalities.

The game is worth the candle. Each of these railroads must have a president, a guiding hand at its throttle. There is a possible position for you at the head of some one of them. There are more good jobs there, both to-day and to-morrow, than there are good men to fill them.

The rest is up to you.

J. H. Hustis was an office-boy. W. A. Gardner was a telegraph operator, Daniel Willard was a track worker; Lovett is the new type of railroad president—a lawyer. But Marvin Hughitt, whose picture comes next, was a telegraph operator, and A. H. Smith was an office-boy.

A Ridiculous Affair

By WILL PAYNE

Illustrations by Robert Amick

"Sara sprang to her feet, her lips apart in an unuttered cry. 'Be sensible, now,' the man advised her. 'You can't possibly do any good.'"

THE president considered it a moment and replied:

"Yes; that's a good idea. Telephone and see if you can get her down here right away."

So the treasurer telephoned:

"This is Mr. Stillman speaking from Mr. Green's office. Mr. Green would like you to come down at once. There's something here in the office I think you would like to see—something that will interest you. . . . Beg pardon? . . . No, the banks do not open until ten o'clock. Of course, you can get any money you wish directly after ten. No doubt you could have it sent up here to the office for you if you wished."

She drove her own car down, so it took barely fifteen minutes. When she entered, the treasurer stood up and made her an impersonal, perfunctory little bow, looking off at the wall rather than at her. Looking off at the other wall, she slightly inclined her head in his direction.

The president merely glanced up at her, without word or nod. The third man had come in by that time. He acknowledged her presence by taking off his hat and laying it on the table—carefully depositing beside it a half smoked, half chewed cigar.

She came in with swift, light steps—with a dash, keyed up and eager, her eyes sparkling. Her rapid glance searched the room, and immediately found what it sought—a stack of bank-notes that lay on the table a foot away from the third man's slouch hat and fuming cigar butt. She swept over and dropped into a vacant chair thereabouts. One might have sensed little ripplings of nervous energy through her, little tinglings and urgings of leashed eagerness, as of a thoroughbred dog on a hot scent. This showed in her shining eyes, her controlled breathing, in small waves of motion through her body, as she settled herself in the chair and restlessly touched a strand of hair under her hat-brim.

THE scene was the office of the president of Venner Brothers' Implement Works. The room had windows on two sides—and needed them this lowering November day. Snow fell soggily past them. There was no steam heat in this old part of the plant, but a coal fire burned smokily in the grate. The room contained some filing cases, a glass-covered book-case, several chairs, a long table in the center, and a big desk against the blank wall.

Jacob Green, the president, sat at the desk, his swivel-chair swung around to face the room and tilted back, his lean legs crossed and his claw-like hands clasped behind his head. He was a slight, unhandsome man, with a short, coarse red beard and a mat of like hair, both splotched with gray. For all present purposes, he was Venner Brothers' Implement Works. There were six heirs to the estate of Lemuel and Peter Venner—all females; and the estates were to remain in trust until the youngest heir—this Sara who had just entered—reached her thirtieth birthday. Meanwhile Jacob Green held autocratic sway.

On her twenty-fourth birthday Sara had returned quite definitely to the ancestral roof, and had quite definitely proposed taking a hand in the ancestral affairs. That had been in the January preceding this November. It had taken her three months to learn that expending herself upon this slight, wiry, unhandsome man, who sat at the big desk day in and day out, and knew the implement business from the ground up, was exactly as profitable as butting her head against a stone wall. If she raged at him, he laughed at her. If she pleaded, he told her to trot along and not bother him. Whatever else she did, having made up his capable mind that Venner Brothers should do so and so, so and so was precisely what it did. She had been three months learning the lesson, whereas an intelligent pup—as she remarked one day to the treasurer—would have learned it in three days.

But presently she quarreled with the treasurer, too. Her explosiveness would have brought harsher criticism, only there are certain combinations of form, features, and complexion, attended by certain graces of tone, glance, and movement, before which masculine criticism mostly throws up the sponge. So they simply remarked that she had her father's temper.

Merely glancing up at her this soggy morning, and barely waiting for her to be seated, Jacob Green said to the treasurer, with a touch of impatience: "Go on."

Addressing the third man, the treasurer resumed his narrative:

"We keep more cash in the office than concerns of this kind usually do. It's an old custom, I understand. There's never less than six or seven thousand dollars; sometimes there's fifteen or twenty thousand. So we make up the pay-roll from our own office cash instead of giving the men checks on the bank, and we pay off the different shops on different days. This man Pershing has attended to that ever since I've been here, and has had the run of the cash. He's been doing it, I understand, a dozen years or more.

"Well, yesterday Pershing went down to pay the men in the finishing shop. He put the money and the pay-roll in his bag, and left my office about a quarter to five. As the men quit work, you know, they come to him and get their pay. Usually it takes half or three quarters of an hour. We keep a small amount of cash in a drawer under the counter in my front office—a couple of hundred dollars or so—enough to pay any small bills that may come in. The rest of the cash is in a bank safe that stands in a vault off my front office. Nobody but Pershing ever touches the cash in the safe, you know.

"BUT when he was down in the finishing shop paying the men yesterday afternoon, Mr. Green sent over to my office for a couple of hundred dollars. The banks were closed and he wanted to use some money. There wasn't that much in the drawer, so Miss Lewis, who is sort of an assistant to Pershing, went to the safe to get it. For convenience in counting, most of the money is done up in five-hundred-dollar packages that are piled in a stack in the cash box of the safe. I don't know why Miss Lewis pulled out one of the bottom packages in the stack. I suppose she had a curiosity to finger the cash. Anyway, she did pull out one of the bottom packages, and it struck her as looking odd. She got the money for Mr. Green out of another package; then she brought the first package, that had struck her as looking odd, in to me. It was one of those."

He nodded toward the six bundles of bank-notes, each with a yellow paper band around it, that lay on the table.

"Well, I looked at it, and saw in a moment it was counterfeit. I went into the vault with her, and we examined the other packages, and found five others that were counterfeit. Naturally—well, I was just

flabbergasted. We came out of the vault,—both of us all in a heap,—and then Pershing came in. I should have said this was near half past five and everybody except Miss Lewis and I had gone. I told Miss Lewis she could go then, and called Pershing into my room."

The treasurer paused a moment and contemplated the opposite wall thoughtfully.

"It seemed pretty clear to me," he resumed, "that Pershing must have put the counterfeit money in there, because nobody else, so far as I knew, ever touched the cash in the safe; and if he had put the counterfeit money there, it was likely he had taken out good money in its place. Of course, if he was guilty I wanted him to confess, and I talked with him for some little time—maybe ten minutes. But I couldn't get anything out of him. He just said he didn't know anything about it.

"It seems Miss Lewis, instead of going home, lingered out in the hall a few minutes, being excited and curious to know what would happen. Then she'd gone downstairs, and was lingering around the front door when Mr. Green, on his way home, came across her, and she told him about the counterfeit money. So Mr. Green came immediately up to my office, where I was still trying to get Pershing to confess. I took him into the vault to show him the counterfeit money; and Pershing slammed the vault door shut, locking us in there, and ran away."

JACOB GREEN nodded and drove a claw-like hand into the mat of his short red beard.

"An hour later," he said to the third man, "some woman telephoned to the watchman to come and let us out of the vault."

He looked along the table at Sara and added: "Perhaps this young lady can tell us something about that."

"I?" cried Sara. "How should I know anything about it?"

"The watchman was rather under an impression it was your voice," the president replied drily.

"How should a watchman know my voice?" she demanded; and, before he could answer, she inquired: "Who is this gentleman, please?"

She referred to the third man, who sat on the same side of the table with her, three or four feet away. He was a burly person, with beefy shoulders and a heavy face, marked with patches of fine red veins on each cheek. His eyes, half hidden by puffy eyelids, were singularly dull-looking.

"That gentleman," Jacob Green replied, "represents the United States Government—which, of course, is interested in all cases of counterfeiting."

"But this isn't a case of counterfeiting," she asserted positively. "Counterfeiting is putting bad money in circulation. This money never was put in circulation. It was just put in a safe. That's something entirely different, isn't it?"

"Well, that's so—that's so," the man replied thoughtfully. "Of course, if he simply put the money in the safe and never tried to pass it outside—" His singularly dull-looking eyes contemplated Sara's eager face, and he repeated, much impressed: "Of course, if he only put the money in the safe— But very likely he's been passing counterfeit money outside, too."

"No, he never has!" Sara answered with prompt vigor. "He has never passed a single bit anywhere!"

"Well, that might alter the case," the man admitted. Taking up one of the packages in a heavy hand, he looked it over again. "Still, he may have the plates from which these notes were printed. You know, having a counterfeit plate in your possession is a crime, even if you never pass counterfeit money. If he has the plates it would be my duty to arrest him."

"But he has no plates!" Sara answered triumphantly. "He destroyed them!"

"But are you sure of that, now?" the man inquired doubtfully. "I must be convinced of that. How do you know it?"

"He told me so himself!" she affirmed conclusively.

The man showed no surprise or other emotion at that statement. He merely laid down the package, his opaque eyes on her face, and observed: "He's been telling you about the case, then?"

She colored, and took a tiny bit of her lip between her teeth as if chastising herself.

"Circumstances alter cases, you know," the man remarked gravely. "If I knew the circumstances of this case, now—" He broke off suggestively.

SARA swiftly raised her troubled blue eyes to the clock over Mr. Green's desk, which showed nine minutes to ten. She thought a moment, then impetuously addressed the man with a question:

"You've never seen this Mr. Pershing?"

"No," he replied; "I'd like to know about him."

Immediately, with pink cheeks and indignation in her voice and sparkling eyes, she told him:

"He's no more a criminal than I am! If you should talk with him five minutes you'd know it was ridiculous to call him one! I suppose he's forty years old, but he's hardly bigger than a thirteen-year-old boy. When he sits in an ordinary chair he hooks the heels of his little boots on the chair rung because his legs aren't long enough to reach the floor comfortably. He has a little round face that never grew a beard, and round polish blue eyes that always look like a frightened child's. He's so timid—why, when I went into the treasurer's office I always made it a point to stop and speak to him, and he was so embarrassed that he behaved foolishly."

"You've been talking with him a good deal, then," the man suggested.

"No, not lately," she replied decisively. "Mr. Stillman and I disagreed—very radically. I have not been on speaking terms with him, so naturally I have kept out of the treasurer's office the last two months."

Jacob Green observed: "This young lady disagrees very radically with the whole works here. She thinks I ought to put in my time baking cookies, while Stillman and the other officers put on white aprons and hand 'em out to the men."

Ignoring that interruption, Sara went on impulsively:

"Being a timid, passive little man, naturally he's married to a big, aggressive woman. I know her well enough, because she's very active in the Woman's Club here. I needn't go into it very much; but she's one of those unfortunate persons whose will is strong in proportion to the feebleness of their minds—unsatisfied and sour and utterly selfish. It's ridiculous to suppose poor little Pershing could control her.

"It all began in his household expenses, you know. She simply spent more money than he earned. You'd understand if you saw her—fat and overdressed and simpering at forty! She spent more than his small salary. He could do just as much about it as a cork can about the current that carries it along. He told me—with his little heels on the rung of the chair and his little knees cocked up and his little head to one side, picking at his hat-band with fingers no bigger than a child's, and all the time in a kind of helpless amazement—he told me he tried to stop it. He threatened to advertise forbidding anybody to give her credit. Then she had a spell. She's strong on spells, it seems—flopping down on the floor, eyes rolled up and limbs rigid, you know. She told him she'd commit suicide if he advertised, and frightened what was left of the soul out of him.

"He's just a chrysalis man, you know," she went on, nodding energetically at the detective—"all wrapped up in timidity; can't get out of his shell. He couldn't stop her from spending money, but he could take money out of the safe; so he did. That's the whole story. From beginning to end, it is simply an absurdity. He once got up courage to forbid Gleason & Smith here selling her goods on credit. She bluffed them into letting her have the goods, and went home and had a spell. That's the way it went."

Again she looked up at the clock.

"You see, bills accumulated—little bills, but more than he could pay. He waited and waited as long as he could. Finally somebody threatened to sue him, and he was afraid that would cost him his job. Mercy is not expected in this plant," she added, holding her chin a thought higher and flashing at the figure in the swivel-chair.

"He took two hundred dollars out of the safe to pay the bills. More bills accumulated, and after a while he took another two hundred dollars. Of course, at first he could deceive himself. He could say he'd conquer his wife and keep his expenses in hand, and finally save enough to pay up what he had taken. But after a time he knew that was hopeless and he never could get out. Then this ridiculous affair of the counterfeiting came in."

"Yes; that's the odd part of it," said the man.

"You must understand," she went on, "that he began taking money eight years ago. You can see how absurd it all is from that! Only three thousand dollars in eight years—which is less than four hundred dollars a year! A sad joke rather than a crime, I should call it! Well, he had taken several hundred dollars, and he was mortally afraid, of course, that he would be found out—that somebody else would count the cash and find it short. So one day a young man in the office here happened to show him a circular he had got through the mail. This circular offered to sell counterfeit money. It said one could order so much counterfeit money, which would be sent by express C. O. D., and the person to whom it was addressed would pay the amount agreed upon at the express office and get the package."

"An old game," the detective remarked.

"I suppose so," she replied. "This young man regarded it as a joke; but Pershing got the circular from him and sent on to the address and ordered a thousand dollars in counterfeit ten-dollar bills. The package came, and he paid a hundred and fifty dollars to get it out of the express office; but when he opened it there was nothing inside except an old newspaper folded up the size of bank-notes. But somehow that ridiculous notion of counterfeit money stuck in the poor little man's head. It seemed to him if he could put counterfeit money in the safe in place of the money he'd taken, no one would find him out. That was all he could think of, you see—tormented as he was by fear of exposure. So he worked two whole years!"

SHE bent toward the detective, her face aglow with sympathy, and repeated with a touch of awe: "Two whole years! Just think of that—working all alone, in secret, every spare minute he could get—and every minute fearing he would be found out! Why, it's just like a poor little mouse tunneling through a stone wall to get away from a cat! He photographed a ten-dollar bill, you know, and, after failing again and again, finally got plates that would print something that looked like a bank-note. Then he had an awful search to get paper that would look something like bank-note paper. Finally he got what you see."

She nodded toward the six bundles on the table.

"But you're quite sure he has destroyed the plates?" the man inquired.

"Oh, perfectly!" she affirmed. "He told me all about it, and I know every word was the truth. It was four years ago that he got his plates and hid them in the attic of his house. Then, as he took more money he made more counterfeits. But by and by, you see, the counterfeits didn't console him at all. He didn't feel that they were any protection. He saw that they'd be discovered some day, and pretty certainly be charged to him. It got so the fear of being detected was with him all the time. When he left the office at night he would say, 'Well, it will come to-morrow.' Last September the amount got to be three thousand dollars. Then he said he'd go no further. He'd let the bills pile up. He'd just sit down and fold his hands and wait for it to happen. Then he destroyed his plates. And when he found last night that he had been detected, he was not surprised at all. He'd been expecting it so long that he just accepted it passively, with a sort of relief."

Jacob Green tilted up his chin, thrust his fingers through his beard from the under side, and observed:

"If it was a relief to him, why the devil did he lock me and Stillman in the vault?"

The question seemed to disconcert her. Another wave of quick color went over her face, and she gently bit a tiny piece of her lip.

"Well," she answered lamely, "he was, of course, a trifle startled."

She looked once more at the clock, which now showed four minutes past ten, and frowned a little.

"You see, when he found he had been detected—" she resumed, pulling herself together for the explanation. But she was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Come in!" Jacob Green called impatiently.

A YOUNG man thrust his head inside to report, apologetically, that Miss Verner's chauffeur was outside with a package which he said he must deliver at once.

"Bring it in, please," said Sara.

A moment later the young man returned with a fancy pasteboard candy box tied with a red ribbon, which Sara took and laid upon the table.

"About his shutting you in the vault, Mr. Green," she resumed with greater confidence: "It was purely instinctive. He was prepared for it and resigned to it; yet, when it happened, he naturally shied away. Seeing you and Mr. Stillman in the vault, he clapped the door shut on you instinctively and ran away."

"Very interesting," the Government agent remarked to her impassively; and to Jacob Green he observed, with like impassiveness:

"Of course, your idea was right. The man is there."

The observation some way struck disagreeably on Sara's nerves. She regarded the man a moment with puckered brows; then turned to the figure in the swivel-chair.

"So there's the whole story, Mr. Green. It's simply one of those ridiculous affairs that will sometimes happen. Pershing's no more a criminal than I am. He's merely helpless. And I'm ashamed through and through—when I think of all the money there is around here to be spent for trifles—of that poor little scared rabbit of a man going on year after year with his petty stealing and his petty counterfeiting, and always in mortal terror of being caught, just to get three or four hundred dollars a year that he couldn't keep his silly, selfish wife from spending. It cries shame to every one of us! The three thousand dollars that he owes the company, you can charge to me."

The president rolled his head in his clasped hands to look her more fully in the face and replied:

"If a man steals from this company, I'll prosecute him. If he embezzles ten cents, let him look out for me!"

Abruptly he brought his chair down, leaning toward her and clapping his hands on his knees, so that he reminded her of a wiry dog ready to fight.

"I sit here and drive this machine. Nobody's hanging any posies on Jacob Green. Ever hear anybody remark what a nice man I am? You never did. But the machines drill right along. The implements go out. This shebang can have my bones, and you know the dividends go to you more than to me, so far's that's concerned. But if I had to run it half a second on south wind and spring poetry and chocolate creams," he added, with a glance at the fancy pasteboard box beside her, "instead of on steel billets and oak timber and hard cash, why I'd quit so quick it would make your head swim. I know you're charming as well as anybody

Continued on page 13

The Girls Behind the Covers

BLACK grass, lavender skies, green moons—this is the sort of world that Miss Helen Dryden likes to paint. "I never saw Covent Garden look like that," a lowbrow once remarked before a lurid painting. "No, madame; but don't you wish you could?" replied the artist. And that is the way Helen Dryden feels about her magazine covers. "But most people aren't educated up to them," she says sadly. "They want a photographic picture of a pretty girl, with long, curly eye-lashes that you can count."

SOME art editors predict that before long Miss Neysa McMein will be painting portraits of society women. "When?" she asks. "I doubt it. I painted a portrait of an elderly lady once, but when I told her it was finished, she said: 'Not at all. After I have spent six months on massage treatment to get rid of my wrinkles, you've got them all in.'"

MISS RUTH MURCHISON lives in a large, bare studio on Broadway, New York, furnished with one cot, two chairs, a table, and an easel. "My furniture is worth five dollars," she says with pride. "I hate impediments." Miss Murchison says she has met only two frank art editors. To one of them she showed this cover. "That woman has a green chin," he said. "No human skin is green." Of course she had to point out to him that the woman's chin wasn't green, but that her shawl was green and cast a green shadow.

IT is a mistake to think that all successful artists were born in Washington Square. This one came from Chicago. She is Miss Lucile Patterson, and she has raised one of the largest and most profitable families in the United States. Children—thousands of children—all belonging to Miss Patterson, appear every month on news-stands in every part of the country. Miss Patterson sells them to art editors for between $100 and $1000 apiece.

WHEN Miss Thelma Cudlip is hard up for a model, she can always use her own face; in this way she has an advantage over James Montgomery Flagg and others. She finds even office boys kind; and as for art editors—"They are wonderfully sympathetic, encouraging, and generous," she declares. Well, it all depends on the way you look at it—or the way you look.

HOW would you like to sit on a cushion and feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream, while art editors called you up every half hour, offering you sums almost as big as the Allies' Loan to dash off just one cover for them? That is the sort of life that Ethel Plummer leads. "I love to see my work on the news-stands," she says. "The thrill never wears off."

People W
Live in Quee

PEOPLE have all sorts of theories about bringing up boys. Some believe in a birch rod, some in Montessori, and still others just trust to inspiration. The parents of these boys found it impossible to live under the same roof with them except when they were asleep, so they built them this house in a near-by maple. It works successfully for several hours out of the time day.

YOU'VE read of Daniel in the lions' den. Here are two Alabama negroes who took this discarded 8-by-12 lion cage and made it over into a combination boarding-house, restaurant, soft drink stand, and boot-blacking establishment. At one time the cage housed seven boarders. The proprietors pay $2 a month rent and licenses for three different kinds of business; and, at that, they probably make a bigger profit on their investment than any other hotel-keepers in the country.

OF course ... deep thin... finally event... which he ha... a plot of gr... road whose ... time, prot...

A STEAM-BOILER makes an appropriate home for a man who has spent his life as a cook on the high seas. He keeps his house so clean and ship-shape that it was passed at once by the Seattle sanitary inspector who came around to look it over. All of which goes to show that, when a man really makes up his mind to settle down, he can always find a place in which to do it.

THE man who wakes up, the morning after he has ... to hear "Tipperary." "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a ... to's "Funeral March" surrounding him on three sides at ... consider life on a canal barge for a change—nice, quiet plac... family, and, if you have a slight difference with your neigh... do is to heave anchor, and there you are—or, rather, there...

WHY pay rent?—when for a trifle you can buy an old street-car to live in, and have all the sensations of traveling and staying at home at the same time. One advantage about this house is that you don't have to worry about the arrangement of the furniture, there are no two ways about it. And if you are a man, you get out of hanging pictures.

ANY boy would rather live in this house than in Carnegie's brick palace. It is made of a hollow log 24 feet in diameter. Some forest rangers found it in a big-tree grove in California, and decided to make their home in it. They have lived here for years, and say that it beats any other kind of residence hollow.

...ward has a dives in this house. The owner has a ...f the land, which he regards as unsafe, but he ...ed by taking up his quarters in an old dor... ...up about twenty feet from the water-side on ...belonging to the railroad. The president of the ...he borrowed has never sent him notice to ... ...ndering his house an ornament to the railway

...which will be specially ...ful to the children, on rainy ... he can not be told to go and stand in the corner because there are no corners. This perfectly good house stands near Mattsville, Pennsylvania. It has three rooms, with upstairs and one downstairs, and is run on the lodging-house plan by Mrs. Shields, the lady in the picture, who rents out her extra space to a retired Civil War veteran.

Who ... Places

...ral Jens... ...and hop... ...ll to ... ...a pleasing ... ...who have ...

THIS tower was not intended ... a wife. Nelson ... was in pursuit ... an architectural ornament. A retired builder constructed ... to ... over it to the spot where he might retire when his wife became unbearable. Previously he had always fled ... he could consider ... to occupy a great improvement. Here ... to go on with his reading ... quietness when the urge ... the domestic ...

BE M... under the main ... roof ... class ... house ... a bright ... instead of shingling it as the usual way. It is back on a slope and faces a ... afternoon and has ... windows, a door and a cast-iron ... heat. ... summer when a great fire swept slowly the eastern ... the ... the house that ... was to go inside and shut the door. ... says that as the thermometer slowly climbed ... 200° he found ... a good time to contemplate ... future life.

OLD ... the ... a the good house ... and his neighbors, who ... rebel and ... Portland, Indiana, ... this ... his real name ... go home and ... a friend in the world to go to. But John Smith has his own ideas on ... He took to the woods, and built this shack out of some timber and ... materials, and there he lived all one winter in the best ventilated house ... United States.

... ...ough ... ...ever ... ...know what ... ...doing ... A ... ...ture you ... ... his ... ... and ... ... the ... ... used ... ... club ... ... wives ... the ... ... simply ... ... them ... ... This ... ... made ... ... common ... ... stakes, ... and ... ... remember ... ... can ... ... a road. ... ... knows ... ... the ... ... person ... ... the ... ... and ... ...

A Page of Prophets

EVERY time the train stops at Broad Brook New Jersey all the passengers raise their necks looking for jumpers Not frogs, you understand, but Holy Jumpers of the Pentecostal Union Church Pillars of Fire The Pentecostal Union Church was founded by Mrs Annie White who claims 20,000 adherents The jumpers shake most of the plaster off the walls of their churches by jumping up and down during the services But they do not worry about plaster Only a very few people are to be saved, and they are all very low

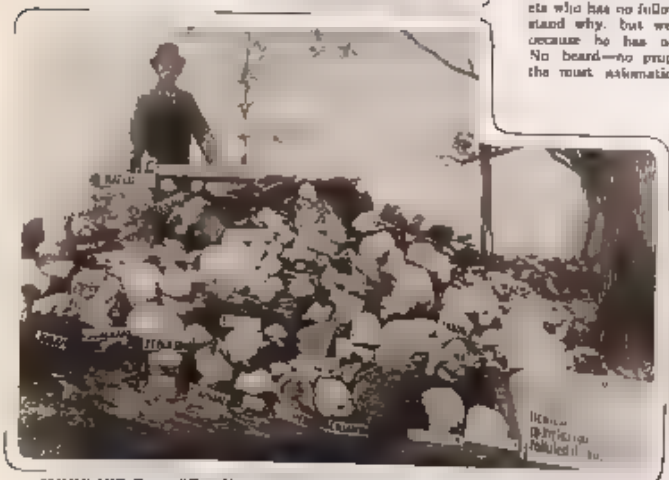
ANY one of the people on this page could straighten the whole world out in an afternoon if the world would only do just what he or she tells it to do They are all prophets leaders of patented religions The one pictured here is Mrs Annie Besant leader of the Theosophists, whose railway to heaven is the longest one of them all, for you have to make good as a musician and a zebra long before you have a round with the temptations of the world as a traveling salesman.

MAHATMA is a disciple of the stork but not in the ordinary sense of the word. He believes the rajas should rule the ready and the way to accomplish that is for the subject to sit on a sharp rock for a month or so without jumping like the Holy Jumpers. He doesn't have to stay on it he doesn't want to, he says but now he says all they have to is a London prison. When his New York society followers finally dropped off he went there and he can lead his number—on a roll.

PRESIDENT SMITH, how much salary do you receive?" a newspaper man once asked the Mormon leader About half enough to feed and clothe my family he answered His salary is said to be $10,000 a year but what does that amount to when one has three wives and more than two hundred children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren? The Mormons claim that polygamy is no longer practised in Utah. Their doctrines claim that if a leader sees an attractive young woman, he has her sealed to him in eternity which means that he will get her in heaven even if he can't have her here

INSECTS divorce pain, hunger and boredom are all lies, says Professor David Rudolf Chirsen, A D O P What is an A. D. O P? Why an Auto Didactic and Occult Philosopher of course. Professor Chirsen is the only one of our prophets who has no followers. He can't understand why, but we will tell him. It is because he has no long white beard No beard—no prophet that is one of the most axiomatic rules of the game

ALL that Abdel Baha Abbas had to do in New York to gain a following was to walk down Riverside Drive wearing his cutest-cutest-looking pearl. He is a missionary from the Bahai sect of great value world. Of course we have a great many missionaries here but ours was born here They are sent to Abbas home country missionarying.



PROPHET BILL STUCKY is discouraged. He has never made any money though his shrine in Waterbury, Connecticut is visited by travelers from all over the world The trouble is, they come to scoff instead of to pray So Prophet Bill is going to move. He has labored in his outdoor temple where the original prophets are represented by cold stones. We venture to predict that he will turn up somewhere south of Mason and Hamlin's line—as O. Henry used to call it.

PASTOR RUSSELL used to run some great s formulating stores in Brooklyn. Then he sold them out and entered the prophet business, in which he has been enormously successful. He claims to have 300,000 followers; millions of his books have been sold and almost any day some one is likely to slip up behind you and push one of his tracts into your pocket His great discovery is that there is no hell. When the end of the world comes he and his followers are to be elevated to gold thrones, there to rule the rest of us for one thousand years.

A Ridiculous Affair

Continued from page 8

who does. I know you're beautiful and generous," he went on, with a tight savage little nod, ruthlessly ignoring her pink face. "But I've rapped your knuckles raw every time you've tried to think a finger at the works—because sentiment don't go here for a two-cent postage stamp. [illegible] and he'll take the thief's machine."

Turning to the detective, Sara cried "You see! He is a heartless brute!"

But, instead of any sympathetic response, the detective's heavy-lidded eyes regarded her with a peculiarly fishy look and he replied coolly

"It would make no difference at all whether he was heartless or not. This is a case of counterfeiting—exactly as much as if Pershing had passed the money anywhere else. The United States Government takes charge of all cases of counterfeiting, and permits nobody on earth to interfere. You couldn't stop it, you know to save your life."

FLASHING and dilating with indignation, and trembling a little, she retorted

"I see! You deceived me then! You just wanted to lead me on to talk!"

"Of course I wanted to find out—" he admitted unpassively. "Your conversation convinces me Mr. Green's idea was right."

Looking at the president, he inquired "Is the man you spoke of ready?"

Mr. Green pushed a button on his desk, and, when the young man reappeared at the door, asked "Is the person there?"

"Yes, sir," said the young man. "Your car's waiting."

The door remained open, and he stood there and watched with a kind of [illegible] while Sara, who felt herself calling countless curses down upon his head, saw Pershing appear in the doorway, hesitate a moment, and then, with a sheepish look at her, step into the outer office.

"Be silent now," he warned her. "You can't possibly do any good."

And Jacob Green echoed in a reproachful tone, "Don't be foolish. You can't stop the Government. You can only make a spectacle of yourself." Of course, Pershing ran right [illegible] was sure if Your talk shows it. How else could he have told you his story? Every train has been watched. He hasn't left town. You got him hidden in your house. This Government agent is going to get him. You can't stop it."

Whereupon Sara went quite wild. She gave a cry and ran toward the door; then, with a look about and run back toward the table. And the treasurer sprang forward and blocked her way.

"It will do you no good to make a fuss about it, Miss Vernor," he said stern frowning heavily at her. "It was clear to me from your story the man must be in your house. You'll only make yourself ridiculous if you try to interfere. This embezzlement happened in my office—in as much interested as anybody is seeing the man caught. I propose to go along and help search the house—I happen to be familiar with it. The only sensible thing for you to do is to sit right here quietly—out of the way—until it's all over with. Anything else will just get you into trouble needlessly."

Sara confronted the treasurer a moment, her eyebrows drawn together, then she gave it.

"I see. There isn't any use in my trying. Have your own way, then, but I warn you, I shall get Pershing from you."

With that she turned her indignant back upon them and walked over to the window where she stood looking out into the falling snow until the detective and the treasurer left the room and for a minute afterward.

DURING the minute Jacob Green wheeled around at his desk.

"What can be cured might be endured, Sara," he commented philosophically. "Make yourself at home and excuse me while I work."

"I'll telephone," she said, wheeling around.

"If he was there," said the treasurer frowning to Jacob Green, "he must have got away. We searched the house from cellar to garret without finding him."

"And where is the bulldog?" cried Sara eagerly.

"If you mean the detective," the treasurer replied, frowning heavily at her, "he has gone over to Pershing's house to see if he can find the counterfeit plates."

And to us: "Sara cried

"Oh! Jim! That was splendid! You've now given the all away."

She was as angry as ever, but in a quite different way—smiling so that dimples came in her cheeks, and bending a lit le toward the treasurer shaking with [illegible] admiration.

The treasurer still frowned at her, but the frown looked merely foolish. He

"There was a moment's silence then Sara said convulsively: 'All the same, you're a brute.'"

"Not to your house," he replied without looking up. "I'll save you from getting yourself mixed up in this mess if I can."

After a moment he added: "I signaled to have the door here locked so he can't get outside. It's better for you to stay at home awhile."

There was a moment's silence then Sara said convulsively: "All the same, you're a brute."

Although his back was turned, the president was indefinitely aware of her as intervals in the next three quarters of an hour. He heard her walk to the table and thought she got her box of candy. Then she moved softly about the room. By and by she was over at the grate, where she stood a long time, occasionally poking the fire.

But she was sitting at the table again when the treasurer arrived, and she sprang up expectantly.

turned red to the ears and stammered something inarticulately.

But she only laughed outright, clapped her hands together and cried

"I told you they couldn't get him away from me!"

With that she stepped swiftly nearer, caught his hand patted it, and laughed brazenly up into his red face.

THE president who had observed these phenomena with astonishment and uneasiness, drew a hand into his beard and observed sarcastically

"I thought you two were not speaking."

"Speaking!" Sara exclaimed, with a return to the indignant mood. "We did have a misunderstanding—but speaking now? After he saved poor little Pershing from you last night? Well, I should say we would be speaking after that! Of course, I went for him as soon as Pershing told me. It took courage to do that—with you, sir, [illegible] as ridiculous as you!" she added darkly and quickly.

There was poor little Pershing in Joe's office, and there you were, all ready to gobble him up. And just on the spur of the moment, to tell Pershing to look you and him in the vault and run to me—do you think I wouldn't be speaking to a man capable of doing that?"

Upon that the paralyzed treasurer began stammering foolishly.

"Of course—of course—why, you see, I didn't expect her to let out like this."

He gave a hollow, idiotic sort of laugh and was silent again.

"Of course, you see—of course, I hated to throw you down, Mr. Green. But you see—well, she had quarreled with me, you see. Of course, you see, that cut me all up. You see, I knew if I let Pershing go on, to jail she never would forgive me, you see. But—well, on the other hand, you see—you see, on the other hand, if I saved Pershing she'd give me credit for it. You see, it was a choice between Sara and you. Of course, nobody but a lunatic could hesitate—you see."

SARA shamelessly patted his hand and laughed again, so the room rang with it.

"But I had him frightened to death last night," she declared, with [illegible] I told him I'd get three thousand dollars in good money of his in lieu of a counterfeit, and he at—he got—it's a way for me to get hold of the counterfeits or just grab them himself. Worried you some, didn't it, Joe?" she demanded, laughing.

Jacob Green swung swiftly in his chair and looked down the long table.

"Oh yes, we fooled you that time, Jacob Green," Sara triumphed. "Of course, when he telephoned there was something in the office I wanted to see. I know what he meant. Then he reminded me I could get money from the bank at ten o'clock and have it sent up here. He can think faster than you can, Jacob Green! And I was just on the point of spoiling it all by grabbing the notes in front of your eyes—I was that indignant and confused when you said you were going to my house. But he headed me off, you know. Wasn't he been splendid all through? And you mussed them in the house so they couldn't find Pershing, didn't you, Joe?"

"Yes, I did," said the treasurer helplessly.

"And now it doesn't make any difference," Sara added radiantly. "They can get him whenever they like, for they haven't that much [illegible] against him."

To show how much "that much" was, she measured off a hair's breadth of pink finger-nail.

JACOB GREEN had been looking down the long table. Six bundles of banknotes lay there, as before; also there was Sara's candy box, uncovered and empty. But even at that distance he knew the bank-notes had been neatly replaced by genuine ones, and that Sara's chauffeur had brought them up to her from the bank in the candy box. He had no need to examine the grate where Sara had a habit for some [illegible] occasionally poking the fire.

"Not that much evidence," Sara crowed. "There's no embezzlement, for here's your three thousand dollars—good money. And here's a whole [illegible] What do you say to that?"

The president twisted his beard and growled into it

"I say you're a couple of young fools and I'm an old one or I'd have suspected this."

He swung around to his desk and added

"What can't be cured must be endured. Get along with you and let me work."

Sara stooped over his bowed back and whispered, blushing

"You know you'll come to the wedding, and be glad of it."

The Prize Mother-in-Law

Mrs. J. A. Thompson of Norwood, Ohio, who had the biggest run of all in that mother-in-law joke.

WHEN Victor William[illegible] Ohio, [illegible] he p[illegible] going on, it didn't take him a minute to make up his mind. He searched for the bureau drawer where the best note-paper was, and started in

[illegible] who [illegible] was [illegible] our house, [illegible] matter how hot [illegible]

The lady in question, Mrs. J. A. Th[illegible] son, happening to [illegible] clared that such a foolishness did nothing at all

[illegible] As the day [illegible] old [illegible] he every-day

Mr. Williams, grinning proudly said that it was no surprise to him at all. He knew what family the prize would go t[illegible] the minute it hit[illegible] sun paper.

"I only hop[illegible] tional one will go the same lines. If I should do, as you go again, mothe[illegible] quoth her proud son.

Said the ju[illegible], a large type-

"We will h[illegible] after refuse to award [illegible] mother-in-law joke for we have [illegible] had that unseemly mother-in-law joke. We must establish [illegible]

And the heroine herself, Mrs. Thomp[illegible]

She chuckled softly and went into the kitchen to toss off a batch of doughnuts

Nothing Scares Her

EVERYBODY in Indiana knows Esther Griffin Whi[illegible]

[illegible] is why the *Little Paper* has

Whi[illegible] olding school, universi[illegible] journalism. She hasn't any kind of "pull" work of her friends or social. She just took to newspaper work because she had

Seventy four[illegible] Then she went to New York and [illegible]

[illegible] test in the Hoosier State troubles.

[illegible] quite a bit of [illegible] [illegible] and found time besides [illegible] [illegible] happenin[illegible] [illegible] the reporter to like a good dinner [illegible] all which [illegible] has established a book [illegible] plates that has been

[illegible] has White is a [illegible] of the Berlin [illegible] American Boys' [illegible] Society, the National Arts Club in [illegible] York, and she is, as she proudly tells [illegible] "the worst [illegible] in Richmon[illegible]

They Earn Motor-Cars With Their Scissors

PEGGY NEWE[illegible] is an internationa[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] In other words, she is [illegible]

Peggy Newell was born in Scotland, but her shears and trusty shears take her around the world

Six months of pr[illegible] ing three months of which [illegible] was earning $3[illegible] her for any sort of [illegible] business, so she [illegible] establishments and t[illegible] did not [illegible] realize Peggy spent [illegible] with the [illegible]

With paper folded so she could cut four silhouettes simultaneously Peggy [illegible] and charges fifty [illegible] figure pictures, or twenty-five cents for four bust pictures. Her earning capacity averages about twelve cents a minute when she is busy.

Peggy says that silhouetting offers a profitable field for the girl or boy who has talent for drawing. Good judgment of profile is necessary. Children make the [illegible] because they pose most [illegible]

[illegible] he entire equipment of the silhouett[illegible] artist consists of a pair of sh[illegible] short jaws and long handles, a supply of mounting board, and a quantity of paper coated black on one side. The paper, folded over wire, and the outs[illegible] from the exact edge, the fold holding the cutting together until the last bit is done with the shears.

There are only six professional silhouettists in the world. As a [illegible] earning a livelihood Peggy thinks silhouetting is good enough for her

THE little woman with the big shears in the tiny office Mrs. Florent du Bois, of Newark, New Jersey, is a successful designer of children's dresses. She makes little dresses, and she makes what [illegible] Some designers make just a little money; but more of them earn big [illegible] some earn for themselves [illegible] uncomfortable. It is the ideas that buy houses and automobiles.

"There are many ways a girl [illegible] Mrs. du Bois explains [illegible] shop experience. She may [illegible] signers' sch[illegible] [illegible] them to the peddle them. All the buyers know her work. She may make the dresses and go directly [illegible] us with them. But she must ha[illegible]

Some years ago Mrs. du Bois was in Milwaukee with her three little children to care for. She was on the road selling dresses. One morning she f[illegible] alone in Newark without wo[illegible] work

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

Behind the Bolted Door?

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Illustration by Henry Raleigh

"MRS. FISHER'S murderer" appeared [illegible] near [illegible] the police until some hours after [illegible] was discovered.

"Lancham" cried the Judge. "Then you mean that he had some one else do it?"

"No [illegible] nothing [illegible] of consternation. They were loud with astonishment.

"Oh, oh, sir," said McGloyne impatiently. "Well, go ahead an' tell us."

The young people [illegible] bear [illegible] things, as we shall see, but they had to say to each other. But for the time, there [illegible] much things behind them. The Doctor began his explanation.

"There are broadly three questions to be answered. Who killed Mrs. Fisher, how he did it, and how access was obtained to the apartment [illegible]

question is already answered. If under the police [illegible] alliance,—which I may [illegible] speak,—if after a performance that [illegible] are one she was almost meaningless a man rushed forth and seeks [illegible] great opportunity to commit murder, that alone would appear to be evidence enough. I did regard motive that [illegible] is ample.

"It was Fisher who killed his wife. I had every suspicion of it the night of the murder. And every day since has but amply furnished new confirmation.

"In every crime, the psychanalyst looks first for the man morally capable of committing it. Fisher was morally capable, all right. I felt sure of that. But on the other side, there [illegible] something that absolutely guaranteed his innocence: the fact that he was not in the apartment either for [illegible] hours after a murder which was plainly [illegible]

He turned to Bishop.

"Judge, [illegible] When I took up the case, the [illegible] thing I set myself to look for is what we call evidence of the destruction of evidence. The criminal who half [illegible] himself if you look closely enough, by his very determination to be sure he has left no [illegible] behind. He betrays evidence which [illegible] else could possibly be. And the first thing our Professor Fish did, after he came down that night and found the [illegible] he had been most fiercely murdered, was to slip away to his own rooms and burn a magazine.

"We have another saying about [illegible] logy. It is this: If [illegible] are looking for clues, look [illegible] unaware. Well, there was something that I think was a bit unusual. When I found the ashes [illegible] no—and was still able [illegible] Igbor he and we [illegible] sisters on [illegible] mind [illegible] ashes were still warm. I [illegible] certain that no one else but Fisher could have burned [illegible] Well, if I had needed further confirmation I was given a next day, when I found, but the ashes themselves [illegible] Casa Grande had removed them. But I may tell you, Inspector, that I [illegible] well enough to be sure [illegible]

[illegible] ing that. I made up my mind, if I could get hold of another copy of that magazine, I would have at least a beginning of knowledge. Miss Hope was able to find [illegible] for me. And what it contained I will tell you in due course. In the [illegible] glass

"For me [illegible] we had found Jimmy Frant [illegible] for the simple reason [illegible] had stayed to give Willings [illegible] had filled money [illegible] here was every probability [illegible] never that the [illegible] In a criminal or the accomplice [illegible] hold over [illegible] that chance." Against that [illegible] fact his record had no weight whatever.

"Jimmy implicated Magdalina. And now before going any further let us see what our problem really was.

"It was fulfilling simply because there [illegible] never existed a fact [illegible] naturally extraordinary. A ghastly murder had been [illegible] ted, and an attempt upon the jewel safe, [illegible] afternoon. Yet the attempted [illegible] do not take place until [illegible] after the murder; apparently the robber [illegible] unaware that a murder had been [illegible] the entrance of the jewel thieves [illegible] partners somebody or [illegible] ering she had entered and had knocked crazily on the walls and called upon her God. The hour, whatever it [illegible] came before the jewel thieves and also after them. Fisher, whom I already suspected, showed clearly enough. When [illegible] and the valet and the knocking, that he knew no more about [illegible] han he rest of [illegible]

"A [illegible] sort of situation, wasn't it? Here were jewel thieves, murderer, an square [illegible] and Fisher, all of them mixed up in some way with the murder and yet each of them apparently having [illegible] knowledge of or connection with the [illegible]

"What [illegible] could we lay hold of in such a tangled skein? Magdalina seemed [illegible] the best chance. I had an idea also that we might find some useful addresses written on her walls.

McGloyne gasped, and Lancham turned to him smilingly.

"Oh, I have no gift of second sight, Inspector. I'm merely giving you a little racial psychology. Goddard of Vineland say I stole it from Dr. Binet-Sanger, which are tests that show our mental [illegible] by age, and by nationalities. One of the first facts [illegible] tests have brought out is this: no Italian, or almost [illegible] other southern European with [illegible] number American addresses. If you [illegible] from a town or village, as she did, where there are no [illegible] numbers of [illegible] the idea of having [illegible] must anything else [illegible] that is appalling [illegible] a new four-room flat in Lark [illegible] and you'll find, somewhere, an address book on the walls or furniture. They won't trust papers [illegible] might be lost [illegible] Magdalina had some information [illegible] was an even one [illegible] he rule would hold with her [illegible]

[illegible] ross; we caught [illegible] you know, and with a bit [illegible] hypnosis she told us much [illegible] what she had to tell. What was [illegible]

First, but it was Lancham who had extracted the bank-notes; among [illegible] Mrs. Fisher had suddenly become suspicious of her. Also, Magdalina's love-letter showed clearly that she had an [illegible] one accomplice. The inference was that she had been doing the inside work.

"Finally, through Magdalina, Jimmy together, we learned that the very morning of the murder Mrs. Fisher made a will. In her haste she had Jimmy and Magdalina witness it. And, since as he [illegible] here, asking him to call in [illegible] it was reasonable to [illegible] And so we [illegible] up [illegible] steps.

"For why this sudden, this ghastly sudden feeling on her part that she must make a will—or, rather, make haste if she was to make a new one? What did she fear? And why? The facts are these. As Judge Bishop can tell you, she made her former will when she married Fisher. She then believed herself in love with him, and that first will she made him practically [illegible] writer. As he Judge can also tell you, she had been intending to alter [illegible] had," said Bishop; "and that [illegible] thing I was holding back. Not only had she come to find life intolerable with him, she had grown capable of fear of him. I don't mean that she could actually believe she was in danger from him [illegible] she had [illegible] resolve that he should not profit [illegible] death; and I think she had [illegible] him know it. Oh, I know. I should have told all that. But it seemed to me I would be directly accusing the man, without a tittle of evidence—when he had been away the whole day of the crime and when obviously he expected to find her alive when he came home last night. For he did, Lancham, he did."

"No question of it," said he Doctor. "I can tell you positively he did not expect her to meet her death until the [illegible] hour."

"Good Lord!" gasped Hastings.

Judge and even the big Inspector himself were obviously shaken.

"But get on with it," urged he big fellow. "get on with it!"

"WE have not finished with the will," said Lancham. "What was it, that morning and a few hours before her death that made her suddenly resolve to make [illegible] thing we can never know. But, just as the man in the death-cell can pick out the [illegible] I am satisfied, she read the long in Fisher's eyes. So far as Jimmy knows, she had had no quarrel with him that [illegible] Fisher himself assured us that they had "made things up" after their last and accordingly he was bringing Potter home for dinner and the opera. Doubtless the devil had parted from her with the best expressions of affection he could summon. He was [illegible] at least, some faint, heart-chilling shadow of it to the vi[illegible] have marked. And [illegible] by some instinct, she half guessed she had [illegible] to make the new will. But Fisher's arrangements were already made. By then, as I'll show [illegible] the course, his trap was set. First, come back to it. I had to work [illegible]

"I say again, he had shown clearly that he knew nothing of our safe-breakers, or of any secret [illegible] he rooms, or of the owner of the terrifying voice. At the first, naturally, he was for having Willings [illegible] rounded to the chase. A little later it was Jimmy. And later he was quite as ready to [illegible] of believing that Magdalina and Mr. Glasbury in their [illegible] fooled by such flimsy pretenses [illegible] let me tell, for a little while, as [illegible] rate, than he was himself.

"Till then, of course, he didn't know that I was giving any thought to those safes. He had burned his magazine, the safes he just got rid of also. He believed firmly that all was quite unsuspected. Well, you'll remember, Inspector, as we were going down in the Casa Grande elevator on a certain occasion, I decided to speak of it.

"It nearly knocked him over. I was just after he had heard [illegible]

The first thing he [illegible] after he learned that his wife had been fatally murdered, was to burn a [illegible]

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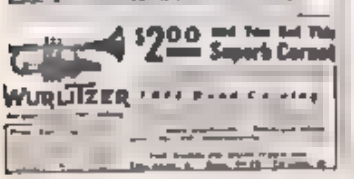

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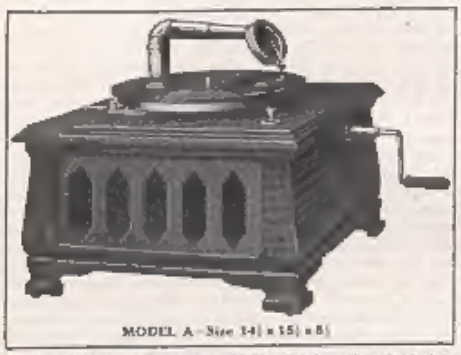

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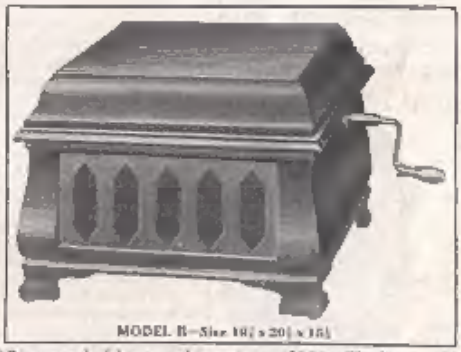

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He'd Rather Save a Dog's Life than a Man's

"I MEAN it seriously. I believe there is more satisfaction in saving a dog from drowning than a man."

Richard or Dick Cox, standing on the float in front of his boat-house at the foot of Dyckman Street, New York, made this statement as he looked out over the Hudson River.

Dick Cox is not thirty-five years old, and he has to his credit the saving of more than four hundred lives. Among boating people and life-savers he is known as a man who never refuses to go to the aid of the distressed, no matter how bad the weather or how dangerous the circumstances under which he has to work. He has been presented with five medals from the Volunteer Life Saving Corps, one from an individual, and the highest of his honors is the medal presented by the Brazilian Government for bravery exhibited in saving a native of that country. This medal means that Dick Cox would receive five dollars a day from the government should he at any time find himself in Brazil and in straitened circumstances.

With all this, Dick is a modest man, and it is not an easy matter to persuade him to pin on his medals for a photograph.

Dogs More Appreciative than People

"YES," he continued, squinting his eyes at the sun,—"yes, I must confess that there is more satisfaction in saving a dog. Why? Well, it is a matter of appreciation—a thing rarely ever shown either by men or women who have been rescued.

"Perhaps you would think that a man would at least say 'thank you' when you have saved his life; but such instances are few and far between, and out of the number that I have saved I can almost count on my fingers those who have shown the slightest appreciation of what had been done for them.

"One night—I remember the instance well—a party of four started across the Hudson in a canoe: two girls and two young men. Neither of the girls knew how to swim, and only one of the men knew how to take care of himself in the water. They started late—about half past eleven. I was in bed, when I heard screams and calls for help.

"Rousing my wife, we got out the launch and started to them, calling out to them to keep their heads—that we were coming.

"We found the canoe upside down. The man who could swim was exhausted in his efforts to save one of the girls, and the other two were trying to cling to the side

He has saved more than four hundred lives. If he should jump off the dock with all his medals pinned on him, some one would have to jump in and save him.

of the canoe, which kept slipping from their grasp. We got one of the girls just as she became unconscious from the shock and fright. Well, we pulled them into the launch, and tied the canoe on to the boat.

He Forgot to Save Her Hat

"IT was pretty difficult getting the girl back to consciousness; my wife had hard work. While she was trying to get this girl round, what do you think? The others were at one side of the boat, and the men were consoling the other girl for the loss of her parasol. Not a word of thanks had they said, and when we got them all on the dock and the girl righted around, the first thing she said on opening her eyes was: 'Where is my hat? I paid ten dollars for it. Did you save it?'

"When she learned that the hat was gone she became absolutely angry, and they all left the boat-house in a sulky, ungracious mood. Now, what do you think of that? Why, when you save a dog he jumps about you, licks your hands, and tries in every way to tell you how much obliged he is. But, nine times out of ten, a man will say, 'Why the dickens didn't you get that hat? Now I have to go down in the cars looking like an idiot!'

Why Will Fools Rock the Boat?

"WHAT is the cause of most of the accidents?" I asked Dick Cox.

"Just this," he answered. "Carelessness in the boat, or ignorance. Many a person goes out in a canoe who doesn't really know how to handle it, and to go canoeing in the Hudson one must know a good deal about a boat. The Hudson River is very changeable, and when a big wind comes up, it is not a simple matter to cross in one of those little affairs. Then, feeling about in the boat—changing seats and such things—brings about a great many accidents.

"More than once I have witnessed drownings that need not have occurred if the victim had known the first thing about swimming, floating, or treading water. Two minutes more, if they could have stayed up, would have saved them.

"Why people will take such chances on the water, risking their own and others' lives, is a thing that I can not understand; and yet, every day of the boating season this is done by thousands of persons, and all the examples of the danger of ignorance will not effect a cure.

"And that is another reason why I would rather save a dog than a man. An animal is not a victim of his own foolhardiness, but of that of man; yet, even this being the case, the dog's instinctive sense of gratitude is strong."

Even in winter Dick Cox keeps up his work of life-saving. One instance of his bravery occurred several winters ago when the ice was plentiful in the river. A couple of boys ventured out in their canoe. They crossed the river successfully, but on the return trip they were caught in the ice. Had it not been for Dick Cox, who risked losing his own life and ruining his boat, their canoe would have been ground to pieces in the ice-pack and they would have lost their lives. In such instances, Dick says, the average man saved becomes very much distressed after he has been put ashore, concerning the amount of paint that has been rubbed from the sides of his canoe.

They Have Nothing to Do With Each Other

Any day you happen to be walking on the rails, you'll see Mrs. Samuel Walters hanging out the mails.

WHY must we always print pictures together of people who belong together? Why not occasionally print pictures of people who wouldn't speak to each other if they met on the street—or the railroad track?

Take those two, for instance. On the left we have Mrs. Samuel Walters of Florin, Pennsylvania, who has been carrying the mail for the United States Government forty-four years and is the only woman in the State to have that honor.

On the right is A No. 1, the most aristocratic tramp in the United States. He claims to have traveled 500,000 miles on $7.05. Doubtless if you go down to the station in your town and look on the walls you'll discover his mark—"A No. 1." He rides the bumpers, but always carries clothes enough to look spruce and neat when he arrives in town.

To make the story read right, we should say that A No. 1 was riding on the very train that took up this mail-bag which Mrs. Walters is hanging out; but this is a truthful magazine.

And this is old A No. 1, the fashionable tramp: he travels fifteen hundred miles on the price of a two-cent stamp.

Selling Suburban Lots

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

"IN 1911 I signed a contract for some lots in New Jersey," writes a man from New York City, "and now I am anxious to realize much money on the same. What, in your estimation, is the best possible method of procedure?"

There are probably at least ten thousand people in New York City alone who would like to discover the best possible method of getting a little ready money out of lots that they contracted to buy several years ago. There is no satisfactory answer to their eager question. If I knew of any, it could be patented, and my fortune would be made.

There is no best method, for there is no good method. Obviously, the first and only step for a man to take who wishes to dispose of real estate anywhere is to put it in the hands of all the local real estate agents of repute. It costs little or nothing to ask an agent to sell property for you; the expense comes when he finds a purchaser, and the difficulty comes in his finding one. The simple, obvious thing for this owner to do is to take a forty-hour ascent the Hudson River, board a trolley car that will quickly take him to the little village where his lots are situated, call upon two or three agents and place his lots in their hands for sale. If he is very cautious, he will first inquire as a local bank as to the standing of the agents.

A Few Rules

THERE are a few simple rule about real estate that need to be repeated very often. 1. The purchase of a house and lot for use as a home may be, and usually is, a wise and wholesome investment. 2. The purchase of land by a person who expects to farm it himself, provided he has the requisite knowledge and ability to work, is usually a wise investment. 3. The purchase of a first mortgage upon income-producing land and buildings is usually proves a wise investment. 4. The purchase of income-producing land and buildings for sale to others or for operation, or the purchase of unimproved land for development and sale to others, by persons trained in, and giving their whole time to, the real estate business, often proves a successful profession or business. 5. The purchase of land and buildings for rental by persons unfamiliar with the technique of the real estate business often proves of doubtful wisdom. 6. The purchase of non-income-producing land by persons unfamiliar with the real estate business is merely foolish.

How Real Estate Values Differ from Stock Values

THERE is no best method, or any sure or satisfactory method, of selling unimproved lots; and why should there be? After all, the value of such a piece of property is largely guess-work. There is no one great central market in which it can be appraised, as there is for certain stocks and bonds. Every lot is different from every other lot. Pieces of real estate, except perhaps certain prairie sections in the West, are unlike one another. Most of them are too small for men of large affairs, expert knowledge, and large capital to bother with. But every share of stock of a large corporation, of the Pennsylvania Railroad as an example, is like every other one of nearly 10,000,000 shares. They are all exactly alike, and all have precisely similar value. Thus there are always people to buy and sell.

Each piece of land is too separate, distinct, different, and individual to be disposed of easily. No one human being or dozen is the professional one, huge to know the value of them all. Probably there are 60,000 real estate dealers of one kind or another in New York City, and yet, a dealer in one section would know nothing about the value of a lot in another.

For this reason, no one has ever been able to devise any method of making land more marketable. Thousands of articles and scores of books have been written on such subjects as "How to Sell Real Estate"; but they apply only to agents, dealers, professional operators, the original promoters and exploiters. No one has ever written an article telling the inexpert "investor" how to get rid of a lot.

Packing a Piano through a Forest

The barren that packed this piano up the mountainside felt that music is a heavy burden to their species.

THERE was music in the air when the piano shown in the picture above reached its destination in the Angeles National Forest, three thousand feet above the sea.

Its owner, who is manager of one of the popular summer camps in the mountains near Sierra Madre, decided that a piano would add to the enjoyment of the evenings spent at the camp. When professional movers estimated that it would cost more than the value of the piano to take it to the camp, he tackled the problem himself.

The lyre was taken out of the piano, so as to divide the weight into two fairly equal parts. These were carried by stage as far up the mountain as the stage could go. Then each part was strapped to two pack burros in the manner shown in the picture. These sure-footed beasts, winding their way slowly along the twisting paths, brought the piano safe to its mountain home.

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